

Rancor Recollected in Tranquility

Larry
the high school
lover,

miraculous
unthumber
of bras,

Wildroot
winner of
cheerleaders,

how I hated you.
Even now
I think of you

only for revenge,
imagine
you

treed
by 20 teen-age
bitches

yipping
come on
Larry

come
Larrylarry
show

your poor
doggies
a bone.

Summer Island

Conjure how the place
looks to the map-maker
taking pictures
from the plane:

a green shoe on a blue rug.
I was a pebble
it it, I would rattle
in it, chafe in the big

thing that fits me now
like the skin
of a mannequin,
as the orange fits the mouth.

At Times Like This

At times like this
these things rise to the top,
bubbles from a sea thing
hiding.

Without this blood
they gain in speech
they may go back to words,
camouflage.

But now,
impatient twisting,
they make an awkward being,
poem.

-- William Matthews

Chapel Hill, North Carolina